

The Bossy Critic

Written by Susan Murphy

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Aunt Bossy reviews Terry Sweeney's new book, 'Irritable Bowels and the People Who Give You Them'

Dear Bossy,



You seem to have your finger on the pulse of what's going on in the Lowcountry so I thought I would ask you about this new book by Terry Sweeney, "Irritable Bowels and the People Who Give You Them." I hear it is pretty racy, I am pretty old and old-fashioned, I don't like the title, and I have a hard time understanding people who are different from me.

I admire the work that Terry Sweeney and Lanier Laney have done in revving up many of the events in Beaufort, especially that Lafayette Soiree and some other things, and I like to read, so I thought I would ask you for your advice on this book. I also like to support local authors. I just don't want to make myself sick with all this bowel stuff and wanted your thoughts before I buy it. You usually have a lot of sense.

Squeamish

Dear Squeamish,

Not to fear! This book will cure you of ails you didn't even know you had and it isn't about bowels, except for the innards of human humor and the heart. You will laugh, and you know what the doc says about laughter being the best medicine.

Let's start with the title: Terry came from a family where everyone is described by some awful nickname or description. His was "the one with the irritable bowels." This is not good if your mother is Italian, and your father is an Irish butcher, but Terry made the best of it and rose above it.

I agree with you that thinking about bowels can be unpleasant and I did spend part of the book worried about his bowels because of the people he had to deal with, but it really isn't a major emphasis, and, so I just decided not to think about that body part. Problem solved.

Is the book, the story of many parts of Terry's life, racy? Compared to your life and my life, probably – but then, you probably haven't hung out in Hollywood or the television world of NYC. I haven't either.

I have certainly never even been invited to experience a sex seminar in a teepee, as Terry was in Hollywood, although I have rejected invitations to "counter-culture" meetings and complicated "group activities." Even though these events weren't in teepees like the sassy one Terry and Lanier attended, being invited was enough for me. However, the story as told by Mr. Sweeney isn't vulgar or repulsive and the "racy" parts are actually pretty hilarious because they are just so bizarre.

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